Don Quixote ID:: Cinq Assoc. South Section 5 Director
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Don Quixote ID:: Cinq Assoc. South Section 5 Director

by Bordementions

Summary

The child strode through the alley, excitement clear in her eyes. Following closely behind her was a woman with a small notepad in her hands.

When she landed this interview, she was excited at the prospect of learning more of the Cinq Association's work environment, which has remained rather obscure until now...
And here she was, tagging along to this director's leisurely afternoon stroll about the alleyways.

Notes

This particular series is going to be a little different because Cinq Don is my absolute favorite ID in the game. My handsome little blorbo in her little outfit. Instead of two very large chapters this is gonna be more of a collection of little stories/drabbles that I'll put together over time.

Hopefully aiming for around 15? chapters

Regardless please enjoy

Disc server for polls https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: You get the drill by now (hopefully)

Don makes her way across the brightly lit district streets, purposeful strides, her polished boots striking the cobblestones with a confidence that demands attention. The midday sun glinted off polished metal of her rapier, reflecting tiny flashes of light onto the surrounding buildings. Her head is held high, her chest puffed out ever so slightly, as though she were a knight from a long-lost tale stepping into the light of destiny. A gentle breeze ruffled the feathers in her hat, adding a touch of drama to the stage. You trail behind her, trying to keep up with her relentless pace, clutching your own rapier as the weight of her energy pulls you along like a tide.

"Hm… Midday certainly brings out the crowd…" she muses aloud, her voice lilting with curiosity. The air hummed with the sounds of the city: the chatter of merchants, the clatter of carts, the distant cries of street vendors. Her eyes sweep over the bustling street ahead, taking in every movement, every flicker of life as though it were a tapestry meant solely for her to unravel.

Before you can respond, her gaze sharpens, and her hand shoots forward to point at something in the distance. "Aha! See yonder! A brawl, perhaps?!"

Her voice carries an almost childlike excitement, the kind that borders on infectious but also fills you with a creeping sense of dread. On the contrary, a small smile played on her lips, a hint of wonderin her eyes. You follow her line of sight and spot a crowd forming a loose ring around two figures in the distance. The crowd murmured amongst themselves, their voices a low, indistinct hum. Their stances are tense, shoulders squared as if ready to erupt into violence at any moment. Dust swirled around their feet as they shifted their weight, each waiting for the other to make the first move.

You let out a weary sigh, already anticipating what's to come. "Ah… Director, I get your need for justice and all. But do we really need to involve ourselves in every single insignificant incident on the street…?" Your words are measured, careful, but there's an unmistakable note of exasperation in your tone. "Our job is to duel for our clients, not roam the streets looking for something to do." You glanced at the nearby buildings, hoping to spot a quiet alleyway where you could escape this impending chaos.

Her stride doesn't falter for even a second. If anything, your protest seems to invigorate her, as though your doubts were nothing more than the wind at her back. She quickened her pace slightly, her boots striking the cobblestones with renewed vigor. She glances over her shoulder at you, her golden eyes gleaming with conviction. A confident smirk spread across her face, a clear indication that she had no intention of changing her course.

"We should! We absolutely should!" she declares, her voice ringing out like a battle cry. Her grin widens, and you can almost see the glimmer of her teeth in the midday sun. A small crowd of onlookers began to gather, drawn by her loud pronouncements. Adding on to the already massive one surrounding the fight.

You groan inwardly, bracing yourself for another impassioned monologue. You knew from experience that these speeches could last for quite some time. Sure enough, she slows her pace just enough to throw an arm out dramatically, her voice rising with fervor.

"How can we claim to uphold the ideals of chivalry and justice if we do not assist the weak?!" she exclaims, her words dripping with self-righteous pride. Her other hand moves to rest on the hilt of her blade, a motion so practiced it feels more like second nature than intent.

“We, of the Cinq Association, are knights before all else!” she continues, her tone swelling with an almost theatrical grandeur. The way she speaks, it's as if she's addressing an audience that isn't even there. “And to be a knight is to be an assistant to the common people!” She punctuated her statement with a sharp nod, as if to underscore its importance.

You pinch the bridge of your nose, her speech both impressive and exhausting in equal measure. A headache was beginning to form behind your eyes. "Director, with all due respect—" You tried to interject, hoping to steer the conversation back to a more practical course.

But your words are cut short as Don suddenly speeds up, her sights locked on the crowd like a hawk spotting its prey. Her voice echoes back toward you, firm and resolute. The wind carried her words back to you, a clear indication that she was not to be dissuaded.

"Come! Let us bring order to this chaos and remind the world of what it means to carry the mantle of chivalry!"

Her energy is unrelenting, and as much as you'd like to argue, you

know there's no stopping her once she's set her mind to something. With a resigned sigh, you brace yourself and quicken your pace to follow her into the fray. You adjusted your grip on your rapier, preparing for whatever might come.

The crowd begins to part as she approaches, her presence commanding attention even from those too caught up in their disputes to notice much else. Heads turned, conversations ceased, and all eyes focused on the approaching figure. For a brief moment, you wonder if her self-assured theatrics are what make her such a successful Director —or if she's simply too stubborn to fail. You considered the numerous successful missions the Cinq Association had undertaken under her leadership, despite her often… unorthodox methods.

"Director, I assure you, involving ourselves in a drunk brawl on the street isn't really—" You tried one last time to reason with her, hoping against hope that she might reconsider.

"Come now!" she cuts you off, waving her hand dismissively as though your words were nothing more than a pesky fly buzzing in her ear.

Her abruptness makes you falter, but before you can recover, she turns to you with a gleam in her eye, her voice swelling with unshakable conviction. A small smile played on her lips, hinting at the excitement she felt. "Have you not an ounce of zeal? This is a chance for us to show the world the honor in which we uphold! We must not look away, but show our face to those in strife!" Her words were delivered with the passion of a seasoned orator, capable of stirring even the most apathetic hearts.

She doesn't wait for your reply—she never does. This was a familiar pattern, one you had grown accustomed to over time. Instead, her hand clamps firmly around your wrist, and before you can protest, she begins striding toward the commotion, practically dragging you along in her wake as your larger frame unintentionally pushes people aside. You felt a slight sting on your wrist where her fingers gripped you tightly.

"W-wait! Director, hold on a second!" you sputter, stumbling as you struggle to match her energetic pace. The cobblestones beneath your feet seem intent on tripping you, and you put a hand on the brim of your hat to prevent it from being whisked away.

"G-gah! Okay, okay!" you manage to gasp, relenting as her unyielding determination proves impossible to resist. You realized the futility of

further resistance and simply resigned yourself to your fate.

Her laughter rings out like a triumphant fanfare, her steps quickening as if the thrill of the moment has ignited something deep within her. The sound of her laughter echoed through the street, attracting even more attention from the surrounding onlookers. She practically bounces with each stride, her bangs swishing in rhythm as the crowd ahead comes into clearer view.

By the time you reach the edge of the gathering, your breath is ragged, and your heart pounds—not from fear, but from sheer exhaustion at keeping up with her relentless energy. A stitch of pain developed in your side, showing just how fast she had you running. The crowd murmurs in hushed tones, heads turning toward the approaching spectacle that is Director of Cinq Association's South Section 5. Whispers of "It's the Director!" and "What's she doing here?" rippled through the onlookers.

Before you, the two combatants come into focus—a pair of burly, broad-shouldered men whose flushed faces and unsteady postures suggest that their current quarrel is fueled more by drink than by reason. One of them has already rolled up his sleeves, exposing arms thick with muscle and scars, while the other clenches his fists, his jaw set in a scowl that could shatter stone. A trickle of blood ran down the corner of one man's mouth, a sign of a previous blow.

They seem moments away from lunging at each other, their shouts blending into a cacophony of slurred insults and bravado. Words like "coward," "fool," and other less polite epithets were exchanged freely. The crowd watches with a mix of apprehension and curiosity, unsure whether to intervene or cheer them on. Some members of the crowd even began placing bets on who would win the fight.

You glance at Don, hoping against hope that she might reconsider now that the scene is in plain view. But her expression is one of pure delight, her grin widening as she surveys the chaos like a knight surveying the battlefield.

“Behold!” she exclaims, throwing her arms wide as though presenting a grand spectacle to an invisible audience. “A tale of conflict unfolds before our very eyes! Let us not tarry!” She took a decisive step forward, ready to intervene in the drunken brawl.

You groan inwardly, bracing yourself for whatever theatrical display she’s about to unleash. You knew from past experience that her

interventions were rarely subtle.

You step to the side, arms crossed as you lean against a nearby post, watching her with a mixture of resignation and curiosity. “Sheesh… alright, Director. Just be careful. Blood is really hard to wash out of the Cinq uniforms.” You muttered the last part under your breath, hoping she wouldn't hear.

“Ha! 'Twill be a simple affair!” she declares, flashing a confident grin. Her voice carries an air of theatrical bravado that’s impossible to ignore, and you can’t help but shake your head at her unwavering enthusiasm.

She strides forward with purpose, the crowd parting instinctively to make way for her. It was as if an invisible force was clearing a path before her. The two combatants, caught mid-shout, pause to glare at the small figure approaching them. Their drunken stupor was momentarily put to the side by the unexpected interruption. Their confusion is almost comical as they size her up, no doubt wondering what someone like her could possibly want with them. They exchanged bewildered glances, their brows furrowed in confusion.

Unperturbed by their scrutiny, Don stops a few paces away and draws her rapier in a fluid motion, the blade gleaming in the afternoon sun. With a practiced flourish, she points it dramatically at the men, her movements so precise they seem almost rehearsed.

"Hold thee for now, lowly knaves!" she bellows, her voice cutting through the noise like a clarion call. “We of the Cinq Association shall settle this quarrel!” The words echoed through the street, announcing her presence and intent to all within earshot.

The crowd murmurs in response, a mix of intrigue and skepticism rippling through the gathered onlookers. A few chuckles escape from the braver ones in the audience, though they quickly quiet down when Don’s piercing gaze sweeps across them. Her stern look silenced any further attempts at mockery. He let out a harsh laugh, glancing at his companion.

You watch from your vantage point, arms still crossed but now leaning forward slightly. Your eyes were fixed on Don, observing her every move. For all her flair and eccentricity, you’ve never actually seen her in combat before. You had heard stories of her skill with a blade, but this was the first time you would witness it firsthand. Her confidence is undeniable, but part of you wonders if it’s all for show.

Does she truly have the skill to back up her lofty words, or is this another one of her grand performances?

The larger of the two men takes a step forward, cracking his knuckles as he sizes her up. His thick neck strained against his tight-fitting shirt. “What’s this, then? Some kid with a toothpick thinks she can play referee?” His voice is gruff, his tone dripping with mockery.

Don doesn’t so much as flinch. Her expression remained calm and composed, unaffected by his taunts. Instead, she raises her chin, her golden eyes narrowing with determination. “Listen well! Thou art addressing a representative of the Cinq Association, defenders of chivalry and justice! Dost thou not know the rules of a proper duel?” Her words were delivered with a crisp, clear enunciation that commanded attention.

The other man, slightly shorter but no less imposing, sneers. “We don’t need no fancy rules to settle this! This here’s between us—so why don’t you run along before you get hurt?” He spat on the ground near Don’s feet, a clear sign of disrespect.

You can’t help but wince at his words, but Don only laughs—a bright, confident sound that echoes through the street. She spins her rapier once before leveling it at the shorter man. The blade caught the light, creating a brief flash that drew the eye.

“Fie! Thou dost lack honor, and thy words betray thy cowardice!” she proclaims, her voice carrying a dramatic weight that somehow silences the crowd. The surrounding noise died down, as all eyes focused on Don. “Very well, if thou refusest to settle this quarrel with civility, then I shall take it upon myself to restore order!” She adopted a fighting stance, her rapier held ready.

The crowd is silent now, and even you feel a small thrill of anticipation as she takes her stance, her rapier gleaming like a shard of light. For the first time, you begin to wonder if perhaps all her theatrics are more than just bluster. Perhaps, just perhaps, there’s a reason she carries herself with such pride.

You lean in closer, unable to tear your eyes away from the scene unfolding before you. Your heart beat a little faster, a mix of excitement and apprehension.

This is no longer just another of her antics—this is a moment where words give way to action, and you’re about to see the Director of the Cinq Association prove why she holds her title.

Suddenly one of the men freeze in place, his face slowly morphing into one of recognization. His confusion quickly giving way to disbelief. A look of dawning realization spread across his features.

"W-wait... you are her aren't you?! The hell is the Cinq Association doing here?!" one of them blurts out, his voice tinged with a mix of shock and unease.

The larger man narrows his eyes, his bravado faltering as he takes in the sight of Don, rapier in hand, standing resolutely between them. He shifted his weight nervously, his earlier confidence dissipating. "You serious right now? Ain't this just a kid playing knight or somethin'?" he mutters, though there's an edge of nervousness in his tone. He glanced at his companion, seeking confirmation of what he was seeing.

From your vantage point, you watch the scene unfold with rapt attention. The initial tension in the air shifts as Don takes a slow, deliberate step to the side, her movements precise and deliberate. Her expression is calm yet determined, her eyes never leaving the two men as she peels the glove from her left hand with practiced ease. The removal of the glove was a deliberate act, a clear indication that she was prepared for action.

Without a word, she tosses the glove at their feet, the fabric landing with a faint thud on the cobblestones. The gesture, though subtle, carries an unmistakable weight, and the crowd murmurs in hushed awe. The act of throwing down the glove was a clear challenge, a declaration that unless someone wished to stain their honor a fight was about to take place.

Don raises her rapier, the blade gleaming like liquid silver in the afternoon sun. She shifts her stance slightly, her movements smooth and measured, exuding an air of confidence that seems almost unnatural given her size. She held the rapier with a practiced grip, her posture balanced and ready.

"Woe to thee who draws their sword to harm another!" she declares, her voice ringing out with the authority of a knight commanding an army. Her voice carried a resonance that belied her small stature, filling the street with its power. "We shall be the judge of this strife! Allez!" The final word, spoken in a clear, sharp tone, served as a clear call to action.

Her words seem to ignite something in the crowd, a ripple of

anticipation passing through the gathered onlookers. A collective intake of breath could be heard as the crowd braced themselves for what was to come. Even you can't help but feel a flicker of excitement as she takes her stance, her every movement radiating purpose.

The larger one, unfamiliar with her status , lets out a bark of laughter. "You gotta be kidding me!" he sneers, his bravado returning in full force. He puffed out his chest, trying to intimidate her with his size. "Alright, you asked for it!" He clenched his fist, preparing to strike.

With that, he lunges forward, his meaty fist swinging toward her with the kind of reckless force that comes from years of brawling in the alleys. His movements were clumsy and predictable, fueled by anger and alcohol. But Don doesn't flinch. Her eyes remained fixed on his movements, anticipating his attack.

In an instant, she sidesteps the attack with almost unnatural grace, her movements fluid and precise. She moved like water around a rock, effortlessly avoiding the blow. The man stumbles slightly, caught off guard by her speed, and before he can recover, Don's rapier flashes like lightning. The blade moved with incredible speed, a blur of silver in the sunlight.

The sound of steel piercing through skin, though shallow echoes through the air as she parries his swing with a flick of her blade. Her movements are so swift, so controlled, that it takes a moment for the man—and the crowd—to register what's just happened. A stunned silence fell over the onlookers as they tried to process the rapid sequence of events.

The second man hesitates for a split second, clearly reconsidering his approach as he watches his companion struggle to keep up with Don's movements. A flicker of doubt crossed his face as he observed the disparity in skill.

You lean forward, your hesitation to com here in the first place momentarily forgotten as your eyes remain glued to the spectacle before you. Your earlier reluctance had vanished, replaced by a growing sense of awe. This is it—the moment you've been waiting for.

Don Quixote of the Cinq Association isn't just words and theatrics. She's a whirlwind of precision and purpose, her every action a testament to the ideals she so passionately defends. And as the fight continues, you realize just how much more there is to this eccentric Director than you ever imagined. Your initial assessment of her had

been woefully inadequate.

The larger man, still recovering from his initial missed swing, charges again, his face red with frustration. His breath came in ragged gasps, his movements becoming increasingly desperate. “You little—!” he bellows, his voice echoing off the narrow alley walls as he throws a wide, clumsy punch. His attack was telegraphed, easily anticipated.

Don doesn’t move until the very last second. She waited patiently, allowing him to commit to his attack before reacting. With an elegant pivot, she sidesteps his attack, her boots barely making a sound against the cobblestones. Her rapier flashes once more, the flat of the blade slapping against the man’s arm with a sharp thwack! The sound echoed through the alley, a clear and decisive strike.

“Gah!” he yelps, clutching his arm as he stumbles to the side. He cradled his injured arm, his face contorted in pain.

“Thy form is unrefined, and thy movements lack purpose!” Don chastises, her voice as steady as her footing. Her tone was calm and composed, almost pedagogical. “Didst thou truly think brute strength alone could triumph in a duel of honor?” She shook her head slightly, as if disappointed by his lack of skill.

The smaller man takes this as his chance to rush her from the side, brandishing a rusted pipe he must have picked up from somewhere in the crowd. His grip is tight, knuckles white as he swings with wild abandon, aiming for her head. The pipe whistled through the air, it would easily be a lethal strike if it connected.

“Watch out!” someone in the crowd yells, but Don is already a step ahead. Her reflexes were lightning fast, anticipating his move before the warning could even reach her.

She ducks low, the pipe whistling harmlessly over her head, and retaliates with a quick, calculated thrust of her rapier. The blade doesn’t strike flesh but instead taps against the man’s wrist with enough force to send the pipe clattering to the ground. The pipe spun through the air before landing with a clang on the cobblestones.

“A duel is a dance of precision, not chaos!” she declares, twirling her blade with a flourish before leveling it at the man’s chest.

“Woah,” you murmur under your breath, the word slipping out before you can stop it. You were genuinely impressed by her skill and speed.

Don doesn't break her rhythm, turning her focus back to the two men with an almost playful air. With a series of quick, precise thrusts and flicks of her rapier, she disarms them both in a matter of moments. The movements were so fast they were almost a blur to the untrained eye. The larger man stumbles back, his weapon clattering to the ground as he falls to one knee, groaning in defeat. The smaller man fares no better, dropping his makeshift weapon and raising his hands in surrender. He looked utterly defeated, his bravado completely gone.

The crowd, which had been murmuring in disbelief, falls completely silent, their eyes wide with shock. The air was thick with stunned silence, broken only by the heavy breathing of the defeated men. The sheer ease with which she dismantled her opponents has left them speechless.

Don steps back, lowering her rapier with a flourish as she surveys the defeated men with an air of triumph. Her expression is calm but smug, the faint smirk still playing on her lips as she turns to address the crowd.

"Let this serve as a reminder to all who dare disturb the peace of these streets," she declares, her voice ringing out clear and authoritative. "Justice is swift and unyielding when delivered by the hand of the Cinq Association!"

The crowd erupts into cheers and applause, their earlier doubt replaced with admiration. The sound of their clapping and cheering filled the street, as she could draw a crowd like no other.

You can't help but feel a flicker of pride yourself, though whether it's for her skill or the fact that she clearly wanted you to witness it, you're not entirely sure. A small smile played on your lips as you watched the crowd's reaction. As Don sheathes her rapier and strides back toward you, her confidence radiates like a beacon. She moved with a renewed sense of purpose, her head held high.

"Well?" she asks, raising an eyebrow as she stops in front of you. A playful glint sparkled in her golden eyes. "What sayest thou, comrade? Was that not a display befitting the Director of the Cinq Association?" She awaited your response with an air of playful anticipation.

You crouch down to retrieve her glove, brushing off a bit of dust before holding it out to her. You carefully wiped away the grime with your thumb. "Here," you say casually, doing your best to mask the admiration you'd let slip moments earlier. "Not, uh… half bad,

Director. Not bad at all." You deliberately downplayed your praise, but your tone betrayed your true feelings.

Don snatches the glove with an exaggerated flourish, slipping it back onto her hand with a dramatic flair. She snapped the glove closed, a satisfied look on her face. Her cheeks are faintly flushed, likely from the adrenaline of the duel, and the sly grin plastered on her face makes it clear she's still basking in the glow of her triumph. She clearly enjoyed the attention and the validation of her skills.

"Ohohoho!" she exclaims, her voice brimming with pride. "I should hope thou think me good! 'Twould be most disheartening were my own underling to doubt the skills of their Director!" She winked playfully, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

She puffs out her chest, attempting to strike an imposing figure. She stood a little straighter, trying to appear taller than she actually was. But with her small frame and slightly disheveled uniform, the effect is more endearing than intimidating. The attempt at intimidation only made her look more charming. You bite back a chuckle, shaking your head.

"Hmph. Well, don't get too confident," you retort, crossing your arms. You adopted a mock-serious expression, playing along with her playful banter. "I'm only second to you in rank, remember." You emphasized the word "only," adding a touch of playful rivalry to your tone.

Her golden eyes narrow slightly as a playful smirk spreads across her face. Her expression shifted from triumph to playful challenge. She leans forward, lightly poking your chest with her gloved finger. The touch was light but firm, a playful jab.

"Oho! Cocky, art thou?" she teases, her tone half-chiding, half-amused. Her voice was laced with playful mockery. "What right dost thou have to claim such a thing, hmm? Hast thou forgotten thy place beneath me? I am the Director of this most glorious association!"

Her mock indignation draws a few chuckles from the lingering crowd, though it's clear from the sparkle in her eyes that she's enjoying this exchange as much as she did the duel.

You roll your eyes, a faint smile tugging at your lips despite yourself. You couldn't help but be charmed by her playful personality. "Alright, alright, Director. No need to get all high and mighty on me." You conceded with a good-natured sigh.

“High and mighty?” she repeats, gasping dramatically as if you’ve wounded her pride. She clutched her chest theatrically, feigning offense. “I am precisely as mighty as one in my station ought to be! ‘Tis not my fault thou art too dull to see it!”

“Sure, sure,” you say, shaking your head again as you fall in step beside her. You began walking alongside her, matching her pace. “Whatever you say, Director. I'm just saying we've never had a metric to compare.” You offered a playful challenge, letting her know that you weren't going to back down.

She grins, tilting her head slightly as she looks at you out of the corner of her eye. “I see.” She delivered the line with a playful warning, implying that she would always be the superior one.

"So thou thinks thou can match me in combat?" she asks, raising an eyebrow, a sly smile beginning to form on her lips.

You return her gaze with a confident smirk. You mirrored her expression, accepting the challenge with a touch of playful arrogance. “You're impressive, Director, but surely I've got a fair chance. Just because I'm a fresh face at the association doesn't mean I can't duel with the best of them. If I win, then I don’t have to accompany you on these childish escapades anymore." You laid out your terms clearly, hoping to gain some respite from her impulsive adventures.

She pauses, her expression thoughtful as she weighs your proposal. She tapped a finger against her chin, considering the implications of your wager. The air between you two crackles with tension, and for a moment, it seems like she might dismiss your challenge altogether. But then, a spark of amusement lights up her eyes, and she steps forward, her stance shifting to one of mock-seriousness.

She raises an eyebrow, her lips curling into a grin as she strikes a pose, her rapier pointed toward the sky in a dramatic flourish. The gesture was both elegant and flamboyant, showcasing her flair for the dramatic. "Heh! Thou dost not know what thou hast just gotten thyself into. Yet so be it, I'll agree to thy wager if thou art confident in thy prowess in battle."

Her golden eyes glint with amusement as she lowers her rapier, tapping it lightly against her shoulder while considering her own terms. She tapped the rapier against her shoulder in a rhythmic pattern, ticking down to something unknown. The cocky smile on her face only grows wider as she steps closer, her gaze locking onto yours

with a mix of challenge and delight.

"If thou art so bold as to wager thy freedom from mine noble endeavors," she begins, that eccentricity clearly present, "then I shall place mine own demand upon the table. Should I triumph, thou shalt henceforth swear unwavering loyalty to my glorious vision!"

She steps back, striking a dramatic pose, one hand on her hip while the other points her rapier directly at you.

“Thou shalt become mine eternal squire, assisting me in all my noble quests, without protest or complaint!” Her voice rises, drawing the attention of passersby who glance over curiously. “And thou must address me as ‘Your Exalted Director’ for no less than a fortnight!”

You stifle a laugh, shaking your head at her flair for theatrics. “Your Exalted Director? Really?”

“Indeed!” she exclaims, puffing out her chest proudly. “And thou must also polish my rapier after every mission, and write odes praising mine unmatched valor and beauty!”

She leans in slightly, narrowing her eyes as her smirk grows sharper. “So? Dost thou still wish to test thy mettle against me, knowing the stakes? Or art thou already trembling at the thought of defeat?”

Her challenge hangs in the air, her excitement palpable as she awaits your response. The crowd that had been watching her earlier duel seems to have caught wind of the growing tension, their murmurs creating a low hum of anticipation around you.

You meet her gaze with a confident grin, crossing your arms. “Alright, Director. You’re on. But don’t come crying to me when you lose.”

Her laughter rings out, light and triumphant, as she steps back and assumes a ready stance. “Ha! Very well, prepare thyself! For today, thou shalt learn the true meaning of the word humility!”

The crowd begins to cheer, sensing the spectacle to come. You roll your shoulders, readying yourself for the duel. If nothing else, this would be good practice.

"Allez!"

End Notes

Hehehe I love writing self indulgent fluff instead of doing my work

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!